you would desires to acquainted withall.

Page. I warrant you, hee's the man should fight with him.

Slen. O sweet *Anne Page.*

Shal. It appeares so by his weapons; keepe them a sunder, here comes Doctor *Caius.*

Page. Nay good Master Parson, keepe your weapon.

Shal. So doe you, good Master Doctor.

Host. Disarme them, and let them question; let them keepe their limbs whole, and hacke our English.

Cai. I pray you let-a-mee speake a word with your eare; vherefore vill you not meet-a me?

Euan. I Pray you vse your patience in good time.

Caius. By gar, you are de Coward: de Iacke dog: Iohn Ape.

Euan. Pray you let vs not be laughing-stocks to other mens humors; I desire you in friendship, and I will one way or other make you amends; I will knog your Vrinal about your knaues Cogs-combe.

Cai. Diable; Iack Rugby: mine *Host de Iarteer*; haue I not stay for him, to kill him? haue I not at de place I did appoint?

Euan. As I am a Christians soule, now looke you; this is the place appointed, ile be iudgement by mine *Host of the Garter.*

Host. Peace, I say, *Gallia* and *Gaule, French* and *Welch*, Soule-Curer, and Body-Curer.

Cai. I, dat is very good, excellant.

Host. Peace, I say; heare mine Host of the Garter, Am I politicke? Am I subtle? Am I a Machiuell? Shall I loose my Doctor? No, he giues me the Potions and the Motions. Shall I loose my Parson? my Priest? my Sir *Hugh*? No, hee giues me the Prouerbes, and the No-verbes. Giue me thy hand (Celestiall) so; Boyes of Art, I haue deceiu'd you both; I haue directed you to wrong places; your hearts are mighty, your skinnes are whole, and let burn'd Sacke be the issue; Come, lay their swords to pawne; Follow me, Lad of peace, follow, follow, follow.

Shal.

Shal. Trust me, a mad Host: follow Gentlemen low.

Slen. O sweet *Anne Page.*

Cai. Ha'do I perceiue dat? Haue you make-a-de. sot ha, ha?

Euan. This is well, he has made vs his vlowting- I desire you that we may be friends; and let vs kno praines together to be reuenge on this same scall sc cogging-companion the Host of the Garter.

Cai. By gar, with all my heart; he promise to bring where is *Anne Page*, by gar he deceiue me too.

Euan. Well, I will smite his noddles; pray you follow

Scœna Secunda.

Mist. Page, Robin, Ford, Page, Shallow, Slender, Hos Euans, Caius.

Mist. Page. Nay keepe your way (little Gallant) were wont to be a follower; but now you are a Leader: ther had you rather lead mine eyes, or eye your ma heeles?

Rob. I had rather (forsooth, goe before you like a then follow him like a dwarfe. (Gou

Mis. Page. O you are a flattering boy, now I see you'

Ford. Well met mistris *Page*, whether go you.

Mis. Page. Truly Sir, to see your wife, is she at home?

Ford. I, and as idle as she may hang together for wan companie; I thinke if your husbands were dead, you would marry.

Mis. Page. Be sure of that, two other husbands.

Ford. Where had you this pretty weather-cocke?

Mist. Pa. I cannot tell what (the dickens) his name is husband had him of, what doe you cal your Knights n

Rob. Sir *Iohn Falstaffe.* (Sir

Ford. Sir *Iohn Falstafe.*

M.P. He, he, I can neuer hit on's name; there is such alea between my goodman, and he; is your Wife at home ind